

4443
C217L

A
A
0
0
0
3
6
5
5
2
4
8

DC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE INFANT MORALIST

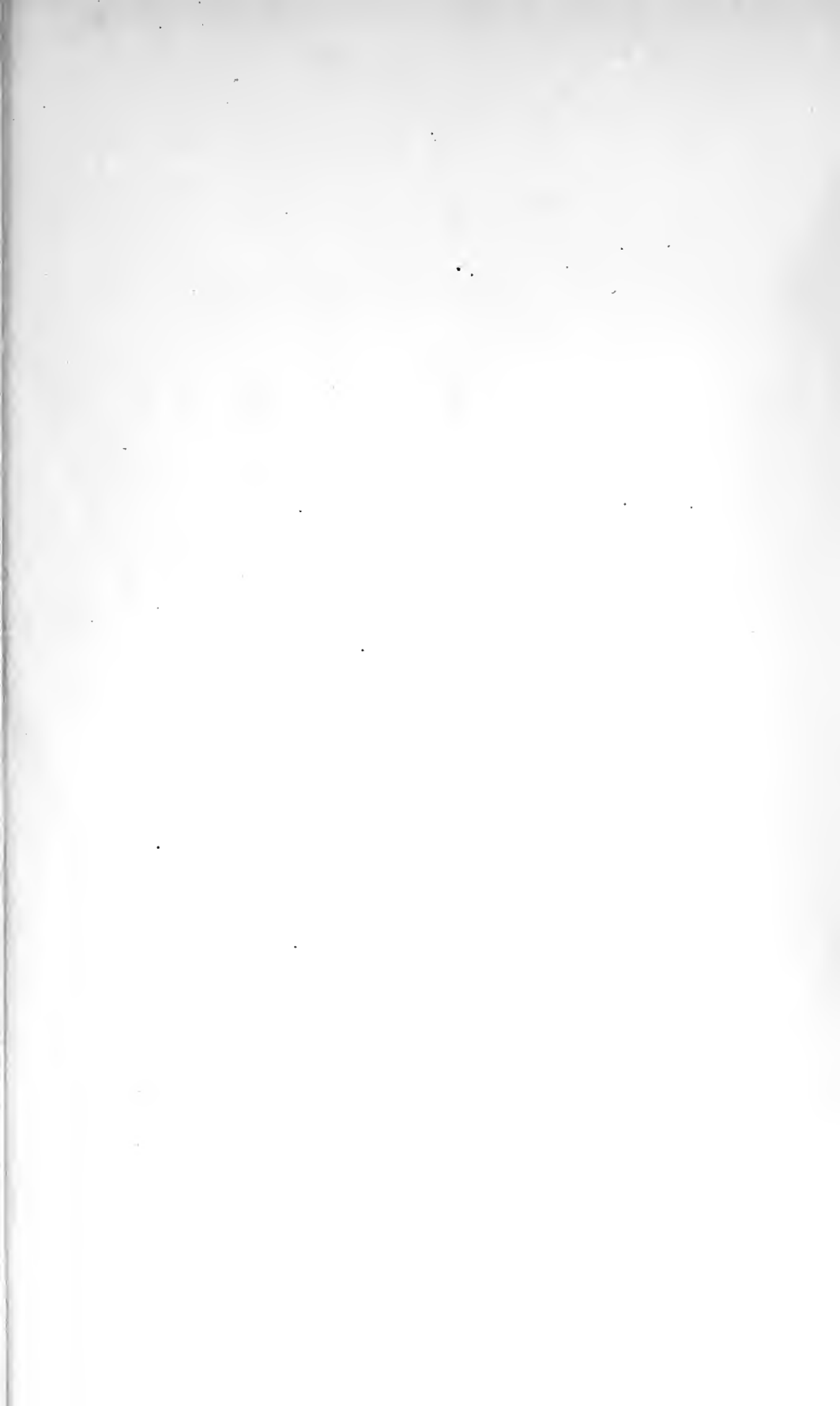


BY
LADY HELENA CARNEGIE
AND
MRS ARTHUR JACOB



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

May Foster
1905



THE INFANT MORALIST

BY
LADY HELENA CARNEGIE
AND
MRS ARTHUR JACOB

EDINBURGH
R. GRANT & SON, 107 PRINCES STREET
LONDON: R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON
1903

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/infantmoralist00carn>

Rec 4-6-48

PR
4443
C217i



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

How, George! you're in Disgrace once more,
What's this? a tearful Eye,
The tell-tale Feathers on the Floor,
Show me the Reason why.

Why did you free Amelia's Bird
Where Harriet's Tabby pounced?
You selfish Boy, upon my Word
I'll have you soundly trounced.

Your little Cousin's Tears now see:
Her pretty Songster's dead;
A Child so mischievous must be
Chastis'd, and sent to Bed.

548291
LIBRARY

INSENSATE MISCHIEF

What a Commotion in the Town !
Now has the Steeple fallen down ?
Some strange Event occur'd ?
Fresh Tidings of the War in France,
Or News of dire Import, perchance,
The Mayor may have heard.
See how the People run and point !
The Butcher, laden with a Joint,
Is brandishing his Knife ;
The Chandler, with a Pot of Lard,
In tumbling from the Farrier's Yard,
Upsets the Baker's Wife.
The Parson hurries up the Street,
His Shoes half on, half off his Feet,
His Surplice flies behind,
And knocking 'gainst the Apple Stall,
Of Widow Clarke, the Apples fall,
He does not seem to mind !
Here comes the Guardian of the Laws !
Pray, tell us, Officer, the Cause
Of this tumultuous Scene ?
Why, I declare, the Reason's found,
'Tis Master Percy, I'll be bound,
At Mischief who has been.
How say you ? that an Hour too Fast
He set the Town Hall Clock ; and last,
On further Mischief bent,
Upon the Belfry Tower he climbed
And all the Bells he loudly chimed
Confusion to augment.
But Retribution's fatal Sword
No long Delay will e'er afford
And soon did Percy smite.
His Footing slipp'd, some Time he hung
To treach'rous Roofs, but vainly clung
And fell a giddy Height.
And now upon a Couch of Pain
He lies with shattered Bones and Brain ;

But, Pity tho' we feel,
We all should strive to realise
That those whose Actions are not Wise
From Fate have no Appeal.



CHARITABLE LOUISA

Now Goody Brown and Widow Bond
Live in a Cottage near the Pond,
And so, Louisa, you
Must now this little Basket take
And put in it a Loaf, a Cake,
A Pound of Sugar too.

Nay! do not frown, 'tis surely good
That we the Agêd succour should?
Your Shawl and Bonnet don,
See, with you faithful Ponto comes,
Perhaps a liking for the Crumbs
Has urg'd him to go on.

So onward trips the little Maid,
All smiling sweet, and unafraid
Of Gipsies, Tramps and Cows.
Then back she comes, while Goody stands
And raising up her wither'd Hands
Calls down her Prayers and Vows.

CREDULITY

What Consternation fills the Hall !
Young Master Frank is miss'd ;
All Day for him they seek and call
Nor through the Night desist.

Repeatedly had Frank been warned
The Gipsies' Camp to shun,
For Truth and Cleanliness they scorned
And left good Deeds undone.

Alas for Frank ! the Gipsy Queen
Had met him by the Stile,
With Tales of Fortune she'd foreseen
She did the Youth beguile.

"I'll crown you King, and you shall ride
In golden Coach," said she,
"You'll ne'er repent if you decide
To follow Gipsy Lee."

The foolish boy went off to roam
In search of Wealth and Fame,
And all forgot were Friends and Home
To his eternal Shame.

And now with limping Feet he toils
Behind the Caravans,
With Tinker's Tools his Hand he soils
And sells both Pots and Pans.

His Parents fond their Son with Tears
Distractedly deplore :
They sought him o'er the World for Years,
But saw him nevermore.



THE CONSEQUENCES OF GREED

Why, Edward! why this Cry of Pain?
This Jacket all besmirched?
Your strict Papa I'll call again
And have you soundly birched.

This pastry, that indulgent Cook
Had filled for you with Jam,
With hasty Greed, and envious Look
You down your Throat did cram.

Now Gluttons! pray attend to me:
I'll send for Doctor Bell,
A Child with Appetite too free
He always doses well.

PROFANITY

A Sailor of the name of Park
Gave Nurse a Parrot gay ;
I think I heard the Man remark
It came from Paraguay.

How strange a Sight in distant Lands,
Where Wonders meet the Eye,
To see the Works of Nature's Hands
From ev'ry Tree-top fly.

But Oh ! with Shame and Sorrow both,
I scarce can lisp the Tale,
Its brutal Jest and hideous Oath
My infant Cheek turn'd pale.

Alas ! when all is bright and fair
That Wickedness should lurk,
Those sinful Words that filled the Air
Were Man's ignoble work.

Nurse screamed aloud, the Sailor ran,
The Bird spoke yet more plain ;
Oh ! how I hope the shameless Man
Will not come back again.

How very careful we should be
'Mong those alone to move
Who shunning, fly Profanity,
And who our Hearts approve.



ENVY

Why, Ellen, such a pouting Face
Is quite against the Rule :
I fear you have incurr'd Disgrace,
Or done amiss at School.

What ! Lucy Elton's rich Pelisse
Your envious Thoughts inspire ?
And Fanny Jones disturbs your Peace
When dress'd in gay Attire ?

You foolish Child, did you but know
The Way their Wealth was gained
Your Cheeks with honest Shame would glow
While youthful Life remained.

For Lucy's Father robb'd a Bank,
And Fanny's Sire a Church :
Far from such Wealth you Heav'n may thank
Your Name can None besmirch.

THE SCHOOL FEAST

Now Lady Emma at the Grange
A School Feast has at Heart,
And very kindly does arrange
That we shall all take Part.

Maria, to avert the Cold,
Her velvet Spencer wears,
And little Jane, of five Years old,
A Sun-shade gravely bears.

Edward, and Charles, and Sister Fan
In Joy their Accents raise,
And William Fry, the Garden man,
Puts Dobbin in the Chaise.

Papa assumes the Reins' control,
Mama her Shawl, and so
Crack goes the Whip, the Wheels they roll,
And now, away we go !

How happy we, with Parents kind
And Clothes so clean and neat :
Oh ! may we always bear in Mind
'Twas Virtue earn'd this Treat.

COURAGE

Mervyn and Charles and little Ann
Rose early from their Rest ;
Who should be First, as out they ran,
They joyfully contest.

Mervyn was Senior by one Year
To Charles, whose Summers six
Exceeded Ann's, it would appear,
By Two, and Seven Weeks.

Among the Flowers that smell so sweet
They pluck'd a Posy gay,
To give Mama a pleasant Treat
Upon her Natal Day.



But oh! from off a blooming Rose
Ann gather'd with Delight,
A cruel Wasp upon her Nose
Did suddenly alight.

She loudly scream'd, and Mervyn seiz'd
The Insect in his Clasp,
Nor loosed his Hold ere it was squeez'd
And crush'd within his Grasp.

Though painful Stings his Hand inflam'd
He did not Cry nor Quail,
And kind Mama with Pride exclaim'd
When Charles told her the Tale.

Such Youths grow up as Soldiers brave,
Or Sailors bold and free ;
And thus Britannia's Flag shall wave
Supreme on every Sea.

HEARTLESS FOLLY

Pray, Richard, do you think it right
To act as you did Tuesday Night
And make of Age a Mock ?
The Admiral, whose Legs you tied
Whilst he was sitting by my side,
Is indisposed from Shock.

As he fell prone upon the Floor
I saw you spying through the Door
With pert and shameless Smile ;
His Daughters kind, who tend his Couch,
With one accord do freely vouch
They marked your Purpose vile.

E'en barbarous Turk or Cariboo,
Or poor idolatrous Hindoo
Before such Act would pause ;
What should you feel if Admiral Bligh
Were taken from us to the Sky
And you should be the Cause ?

Oh ! wretched Boy, Elisha's Bears
May even now be on the Stairs
Your Punishment to give :
For those the Aged who offend
Are like to come to fearful End,
Or else in Chains to live.



POLITENESS

What ! do I apprehend aright,
My Boy, my Herbert impolite ?

Oh say ! oh say not so.

I did not see you doff your Hat
To Lady Charlotte Merton, that
Is not genteel you know.

See how polite young Frankie hies
To ope the Door for General Wyse,
And take from him his Cane.
In later times, when Frank's extoll'd,
Your Manner, deemed uncouth and bold,
Will give you bitter Pain.

THE RESULT OF HEEDLESSNESS

Behold that speechless, aged Dame
Who totters on the Arm
Of Thomas Brown, his sturdy Frame
Supporting her from Harm.

Sad is the Tale that I must tell,
The Cause that struck her Dumb,
For to the Shock which her befell
She nearly did succumb.

Her Nephew Paul a little Mouse
Within the Barn had caught,
And in his Pocket to the House
The tiny Creature brought.

How wrong was Paul, for with Dismay
His Aunt a Rodent viewed,
How wickedly did he repay
Her Kindness oft renewed.

The Work Box on the Table stood,
He quickly rais'd the Lid,
And 'mongst the Silks it did include
The Mouse securely hid.

She oped the Box, her Pins to seek,
Out sprang the nimble Mouse,
Oh Mercy! what a dreadful Shriek
Resounded through the House.

'Twas her last Cry, for ne'er again
Aunt Fanny's Voice was heard:
Depriv'd was she, by Shock and Pain,
Of Pow'r to speak a Word.

Paul's Penitence was no avail,
The horrid Deed was done,
Though Good might through his Life prevail,
With Wrong it was begun.

How dread to think the Innocent
Must suffer for his Crime:
Mark how each Fault, though we repent,
Bears Consequence through Time.



LAWLESS DISRESPECT

Come, James, you well deserve the Cane,
Your Acts my Ire have gained,
To frown I am obliged again
And dear Mama is pained.

That you to such a Deed should stoop,
And impiously should dare
At Auntie's Legs to bowl your Hoop
And hurl her through the Air.

That Lawlessness should stalk abroad
Offends each righteous Heart,
And Children, till Respect's restor'd,
Must very rightly smart.

INEVITABLE RETRIBUTION

“It is a Shame,” said Albert Gore,
“That I my Top may spin no more,
But to my Book must go ;
Whilst James, although the Clock strikes
Three,
Still plies his Marbles busily
With Uncle’s Gardener, Joe.”
“Nay, quit your Sport, your Hand refrain,”
Cried the Preceptor once again ;
But, oh ! to tell I grieve
That Albert, when he turn’d his Face,
Made so repellent a Grimace
That you would scarce believe.

And ah ! the Wind, at Heav’n’s behest
Changed from the East into the West,
Alas ! for Albert Gore,
His Countenance, his glaring Eye,
His Nose outspread, his Mouth awry
Were set to turn no more.

Oh ! what a Warning this should be
For every little Child to see,
For all from Albert run.
The Author of his own Disgrace,
He weeps to think how wry a Face
He’ll wear till Life is done.

REVENGE

When Ferdinand was sent to School
It was his great delight
To pause and plague the Village Fool
’Gainst whom he had a Spite.

The poor afflicted Creature dwelt
Alone, hard by a Wood,
Forlorn and desolate he felt,
Oft destitute of Food.

But Ferdinand for him could feel
No gentle Pity flow,
Nor from his daily plenteous Meal
Would e’en one Crumb bestow.



From Vanity came all the Blame :
How oft we may remark
What fiercely burning Faults will flame
From one small sinful Spark.

One Sunday morning it had chanced,
As to the Church he went,
That Ferdinand around had glanced
On Admiration bent.

His Vest was frill'd, his Jacket too
In Fashion's last Conceit,
His Nankeen Pants, of yellow hue,
Scarce reach'd his Slippers neat.

A tassell'd Cane swung in his Hand,
He strutted proudly by,
His whole Demeanour a Demand
For Wonder's envious Eye.

But oh ! what Rage possess'd his Heart
When laughter caught his Ear,

What Pangs of Anger, like a Dart,
Pierc'd him at every Jeer.

What did he see? with mincing Tread
The Idiot walked behind,
And aped his Gestures, wagged his Head
And smiled with vacant Mind.

A clumsy Bludgeon took the place
Of Ferdinand's smart Cane,
And pert young Master's easy Grace
The poor Fool tried to feign.

Though Weeks had pass'd, and all should
strive

Offences to forget,
Ferdinand's Soul could but derive
Fresh Cause to fume and fret.

An evil Thought one Morning leapt
Into his jaundic'd Mind,
And with a Saw he stealthy crept
To where the Stream did wind.

And through and through he sawed the Plank
That bridg'd the Waters' play,
Then 'neath a Bush upon the Bank
Concealed and still he lay.

The Idiot came, he took one Stride,
Fell through, and Heels o'er Head
He sank, and loud for Help he cried,
But guilty Ferd'nand fled.

Now had the wicked Boy returned
And straight confest his Crime
The guilt of Murder, he had learned,
Had not been his this Time.

Attracted by the Idiot's Roars,
At his sad Plight appalled,
His dripping Body to the Shores
A Passer-by had hauled.

But Ferdinand ran off to Sea
And fought great Bonaparte ;
He perish'd soon, by Fate's Decree,
And broke his Mother's Heart.



UNSUITABLE JESTING

It grieves me, Emma, much to see
How Pert and Rude you are ;
Sure, everybody must agree
From Courtesy you're far.

What wicked Rudeness thus to jest
On Mister Barton's Toes :
Poor Gentleman, he's Uncle's Guest,
And Gout gives painful Throes.

How very ill does it beseem
A Child to play such Part :
The Prisons of the World do teem
With those of unkind Heart.

THE CHATTERBOX

I needs must beg you, Caroline,
To cease your Chatter whilst I dine,
It deafens every Ear.
John Footman cannot hear my Words,
And I have asked him twice for Curds
And still he cannot hear.

When Uncle Wilmot, from Malay,
Comes here, to make his usual Stay,
He surely will suppose
That he is back in savage Lands,
Where Heathens roam in impious Bands
And feast upon their Foes.

We all should learn to curb our Speech,
Last Week we heard the Rector preach
Upon this Rule; 'tis true
If he your giddy Talk could hear
His Sermons would be more severe,
And he would preach on You.

SOLICITUDE

Come Matthew! set your Book aside,
And Ann your Shawl put on,
For in the Carriage we will ride
To visit Uncle John.

The Way is long so Bread we'll take,
And then, with Cups to fill,
We will alight our Thirst to slake
By some pellucid Rill.

"Thanks, dear Papa," the Youth did say,
"But shall we ask Mama
Her kindly Fears aside to lay
Before we ride so far?"

Yes, thoughtful Boy, his Sire replied,
Your Words I now commend;
Solicitude should be our Guide
With Parent, as with Friend.



ILL-TIMED LEVITY

I scarce can speak, Bartholomew,
 I am so much displeased with you
 For all that has occur'd :
 Aunt Porter, who had come to stay,
 Has in her Chariot roll'd away
 Without a parting Word.

Last Night, when all were sent to Dine,
 You took a Fish-hook and some Twine
 And, leaning o'er the Stair,
 When honour'd Guests went by Below
 Let slyly down the Hook, and so
 Secured it in her Hair.

Alas ! Aunt Porter, long denied
 That Crown which is a Woman's Pride,
 And thinking, sure, no Ill,

At Table duly took her Seat
With seasoned Majesty replete
And amiable Good-will.

At last she rais'd her Hand appall'd
And sudden found that she was Bald,
And for her Speech did strive :—
The Scene I cannot now pursue,
It has been given to very Few
Such Moments to survive.

Ah me ! you cannot understand
What Pow'r may lie in childish Hand
E'en at such tender Age.
Our Relative in high Disgust
Will make Resentment, deep and just,
Our only Heritage.

THOMAS AND THE BEGGAR

Come, Thomas come, your Mother called,
She saw you in the Street,
And of that Beggar, blind and bald
She watch'd you trip the Feet.

His little Dog, with Jaws agape,
An angry Protest raised :
But all too late, his Master's Shape
The Pavement's Edge had grazed.

Swift running came Policeman Joe
And, threat'ning, spoke of Jail :
For those who Others overthrow
May deep in Dungeons wail.



OFFENSIVE MANNERS

How nicely little Cecil sits
And eats his Cake in careful Bits,
A Warning, John, to you
Whose Mouth is filled with Beef and Egg,
The Remnants of a Turkey's Leg,
And half a Dumpling too.

It really makes me feel quite hurt
To see the Way that you insert
Your Fingers in the Dish ;
Such Mouthfuls too have ceased to be
Since Prophet Jonah marv'llously
Was swallowed by the Fish.

Pray from the Joint remove your Fist,
And do not stubbornly persist
Good Manners to offend.
Some Day you'll choke upon a Slice,
Or suffocate from too much Rice
And that will be your End.

CONTUMACIOUS CONSTANTINE

Come, Constantine ! this sulky Face
I can no more excuse :
Entreat for Pardon, beg for Grace,
My Patience you abuse.

Your Donkey, Ned, you emulate :
Because Creation's Plan
Has formed the dumb Beast obstinate
It is not so with Man.

Your Tongue was giv'n, with contrite Speech,
To own when you offend ;
Your Soul Intelligence to teach
And Virtue recommend.

Your Conduct you can not defend :
It surely was not kind
To throw the Pepper o'er your Friend,
And risk his going Blind ?

Despite his burning, tearful Eye,
Despite convulsive Sneeze,
If ask'd to Pardon he'd comply
With your Desire to Please.

What ! silent still ? Then go away :
Until Contrition's shown
In Solitude upstairs you stay,
For Meals dry Bread alone.

All stubborn, naughty Children know
That Jam, and Cake, and Pies
Are only meant for those who show
A Nature Mild and Wise.



DISOBEDIENT EMILY

When Emily her Task had done
It was her Nurse's Rule
To stern forbid her Charge to run
Near Miller Jones's Pool.

But Emily did not incline
Kind Nursey to obey,
She saw the Water Lilies shine
That on the Water lay.

"La!" she exclaimed, "what Nurse desired
She idly spoke in Haste,
Those Plants would fitly be admired
If on the Table placed."

And so, with bold, presumptuous Mien
And disobedient Pride,
She hies her to the Meadows green
Wherein the Waters glide.

To reach the Flowers she plies each Art,
And, in the very Deed,
A Victim to her wilful Heart,
She sinks beneath the Weed.

Nurse Sukey, from her Window high,
The dire Misfortune views,
Her deaf'ning Scream and frenzied Eye
Proclaim the fatal News.

Dragged by the Miller and his Wife,
Who haste their Aid to lend,
Young Emily, restored to Life,
Makes Promise to amend.

"Ah me!" she cries, "tho' crowned with Slime
And choked with Mud and Leaves,
My Heart may profit, in its Time,
By what my Fault receives."

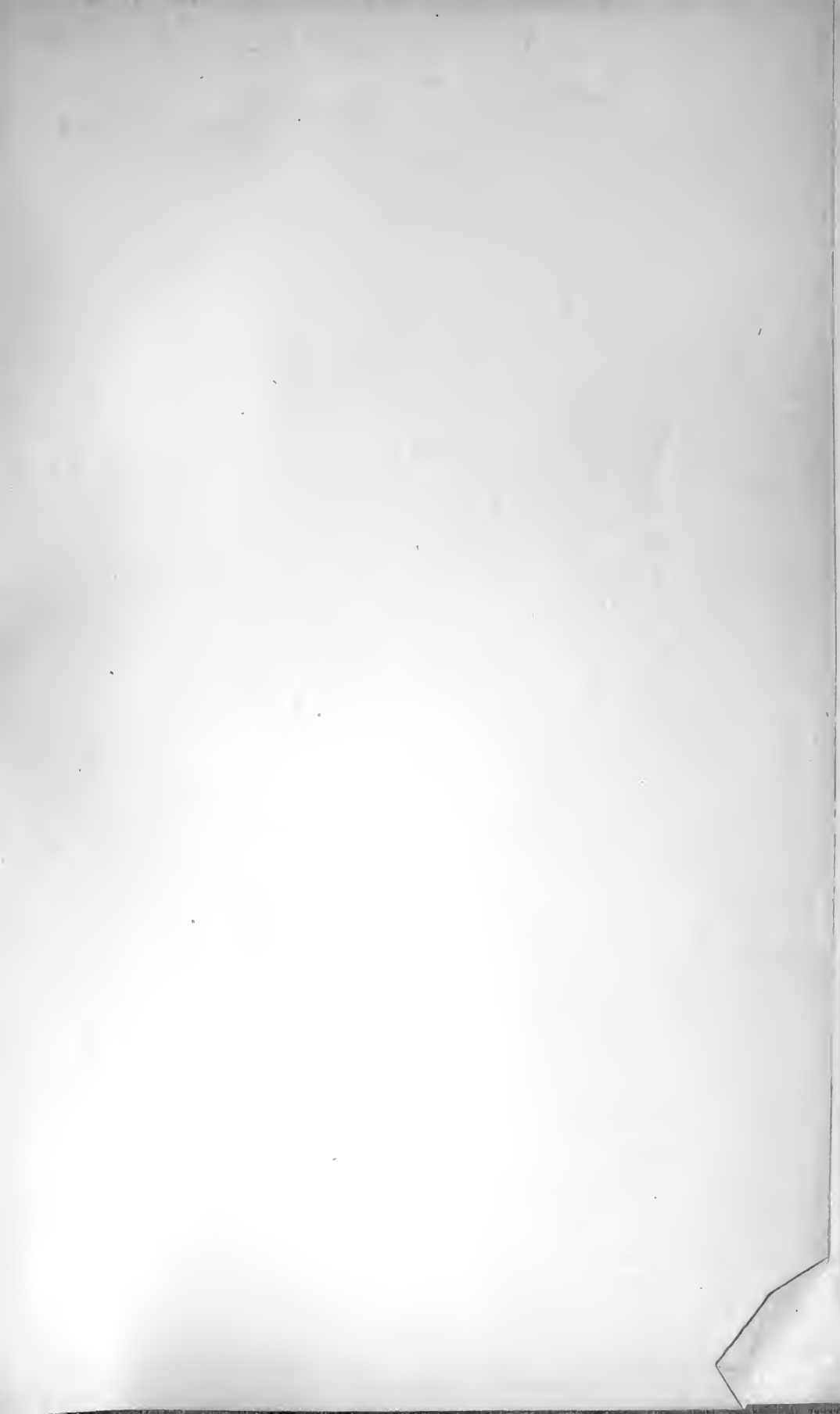
VIOLENCE

Pause, Robert, pause : remember Cain !
What's this you say, Adolphus Bain
Has struck you with his Fist ?
Nay, your Resentment lay aside,
Your Playmate you should gently chide
And ask him to desist.

If he has kicked you in the Chest,
Him you should pleasantly request
His Anger to postpone
Till you have warn'd him how such Deed
May injure Health, and Sickness breed,
And shake Religion's Throne.

The Reverend Mister Somerville
Has brought you up extremely ill
If you he has not taught
To know that they who raise the Hand
May come to bear Cain's awful Brand :
Now Profit by the Thought.





UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-10m-3,'48 (A7920)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

4443 The infant
C217i moralist.

PR
4443
C217i



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

AA 000 365 524 8

